

## SONNET LVI I I.



BEAUTY 1 Siren ! kept with CIRCE'S rod !  
 The faintest good in seem, but foulest  
 ill! The sweetest plague ordained for  
 man by GOD!

The pleasing subject of  
 presumptuous will! Th'alluring object of  
 unstayed eyes ! Friend of all, but unto  
 all a foe! The dearest thing that any  
 creature buys !

And vainest too (It serves but for a  
 shoe)! In seem, a heaven ; and yet  
 from bliss exiling!

Paying, for truest service, nought but  
 pain ! Young men's undoing! Young and  
 old beguiling !

Man's greatest loss, though thought his  
 greatest gain! True, that all this, with pain  
 enough I prove; And yet most true, I will  
 FIDESSA love!



## SONNET LIX,

0 I, UNTO a cruel tiger play;  
 That preys on me, as wolf upon the  
 lambs ? (Who fear the danger, both of night  
 and day,

And run for succour to their tender dams) Yet  
 will I pray (though She be ever cruel!)

On bended knee, and with submissive heart 1  
 She is the fire, and I must be the fuel.

She must inflict, and I endure the smart.  
 She must, She shall be mistress of her will;

And I, poor I, obedient to the same: As  
 fit to suffer death, as She to kill;

As ready to be blamed, as She to blame. And  
 for I am the subject of her ire, All men shall  
 know thereby my love entire\*